

Ends

Everlast

Ends

Some people will rob their mother for the ends

Rats snitch on one another for the ends

Sometimes kids get murdered for the ends

So before we go any further, I want my ends I knew this cat named Dale

Who didn't have a dollar

He was Harvard material

Ivy League scholar

Had a PHD

An MBA

But now he's waitin' tables 'cause there's rent to pay

Company's down sizin'

Inflation's risin'

Can't find a job

He's feelin' kind of stressed

Doesn't even feel the effects when he says

Forgot to count how many times he's been blessed

So he falls off track

Starts smokin' the crack

And once it hits his brain

It starts a chain react

Sells the shirt off his back

The shoes off his feet

He's losin' all his teeth

Now he's out on the street

And all of the sudden he's like Jesse James

Tryin' to stick up kids for their watches and chains

But he's from business school

And he's nervous with the tool

So he ends up on his back in a bloody pool

For the ends

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So before we go any further, I want my ends I knew this chick named Sally

She had a nice strut

And everywhere that I went she was up in the cut

Swingin' that butt like "place your ad here"

Only rapped the Benz

And rocked the fly gear

Brand name wearin' Champagne wavin'

Jewels around the neck

A lotta style she's cravin'
Ain't no savin'
She's doin' all the spendin'
If you do the lendin'
She'll do the bendin'
Straight machine vendin'
That's money for tail
Shoppin' sprees get her on her knees
And then you hit her with the keys of your krib you actin' funny
Come home one day find her countin' out your money
From the Wetlands all the way to the Apollo
If you broke she's spittin'
If you're rich she might swallow
For the ends
Some people will rob their mother for the ends
Rats snitch on one another for the ends
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So before we go any further, I want my ends I knew these two homeboys
That made a lot of noise
Makin' money on the block
The kids was on their jock
They was tougher than leather
Like Reverend Run
DMC they was tokin' guns
Hold and wait
Goin' out of state
Stackin' mad chips
And pushin' phat wears
Fly jewels and clothes
And got no job
And then one disappeared
And one got robbed
For the ends Some people will rob their mother for the ends
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So before we go any further, I want my ends

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